

Children's Newspaper

Every Tuesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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HOVERING OVER THE JUNGLE

Scientists in Helicopters Probe Secrets of the Past

THE helicopter, newest of Man's flying aids, has already proved its usefulness in numerous ways. Now it is being used to help man to unravel secrets of the distant past. An expedition in the jungles of Panama has found the helicopter amazingly useful in locating places suitable for digging for relics of lost civilisation—it has given new eyes to the explorers!

"In half a day we accomplished what would have taken us two weeks by canoe and on foot," states the expedition leader, Dr Matthew W. Stirling. "The manoeuvrability of these machines is almost incredible. Their use for archaeological exploration often has been suggested, but to my knowledge this is the first time it actually has been done."

Reconnaissance

Sponsored by the National Geographic Society and the Smithsonian Institution, the expedition, which is being devoted largely to reconnaissance work, left for Central America last December.

An initial exploration in the Panama area, conducted by Dr Stirling in the spring of 1948, unearthed pottery and farm implements ascribed to a civilisation of 2000 or more years ago—the earliest culture uncovered in the area of the Isthmus. Their similarities to the earliest relics found in Mexico, Honduras, and Peru supports the view that the civilisations of the days before Columbus, though discovered in widely-scattered parts of the Americas, may have a common origin.

The success of this initial field work prompted Dr Stirling to make a wider search, the first part of which would be the location of the groups of uncharted burial mounds believed to exist in the Tigre River region of the jungles east of the Panama Zone. Two other sites near the Costa Rica border are also being investigated.

In a Jungle Clearing

To conduct this search quickly it was decided to try out helicopters, and the U.S. Air Force authorities were approached. Two helicopters were immediately made available.

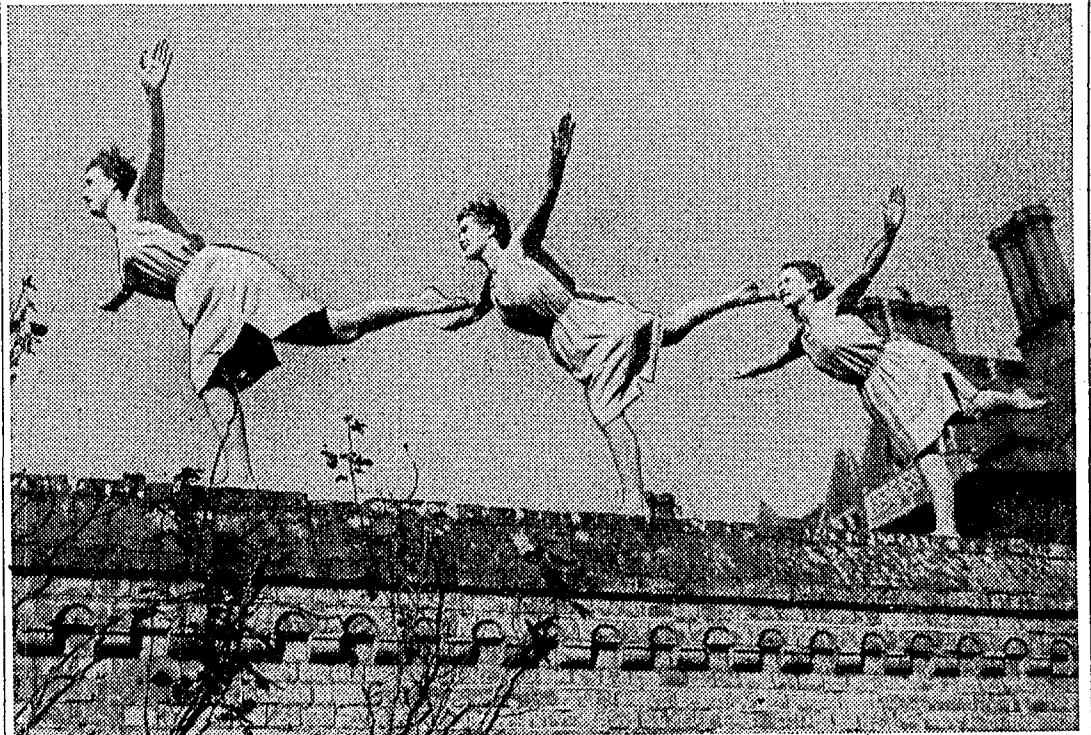
First part to be explored was the Tigre River region, an area little known by archaeologists. The airborne expedition soon located the site and landed in a small jungle clearing. Examination of the mounds showed them to be peculiar natural formations which had been obviously utilised by the Indians because of their elevation above the surrounding low ground.

"Later," states the National Geographic Society, "the expedition returned to the same general region and set camp for eleven days. In the two excavations of five sites encountered

within a short range of the camp, evidence of an entirely new culture was discovered. Particularly interesting was the long-buried pottery with its geometric designs and forms of frogs, turtles, snakes, monkeys, and birds."

Completing its work east of the Canal Zone, the expedition has now moved to the major region to be excavated, near El Volcan in Western Panama. Here it is busy seeking other burial grounds to be dug later, and surface collections which will provide links between the ancient civilisations already known.

YOUTHFUL GRACE AND VIGOUR



Students of Nonington College of Physical Education, in Kent, are seen poised gracefully on a wall during their exercises. The picture on the left shows members of a gun-crew following their gun over a barrier during training at Portsmouth for the Royal Tournament.



AEROPLANES, PLEASE

A big store in Paris has opened a department where anyone can go straight in and buy a private aircraft.

Two gliders and four real aircraft are on show—and, of course, for sale without restriction. There is a four-seater family model—140 miles an hour, 24 miles to the gallon, price 2,095,000 francs (about £2000). Another is a two-seater at 1,590,000 francs (about £1500). At present about 100 private persons in France own an aircraft; before the war there were about 4700.

In The Shade of Their Feet

THE old church of Dennington, in Suffolk, which is now undergoing careful renovation, has a remarkable set of 15th-century benches.

On the end of one of these benches is a curious grotesque figure, believed to be the only representation in England of the Skapodes.

This quaint mythological race, according to Aristophanes, lived in the hottest part of the Libyan desert, where they protected themselves from the sun by lying on their backs in the shade of their huge umbrella-shaped feet.

Weather and the Ants

A NATURALIST ON HANDS AND KNEES

By crawling for hours on his hands and knees watching colonies of ants at work and play, Dr Theodore C. Schneirla, one of the world's leading authorities on these insects, is adding much to our knowledge of their behaviour.

He has discovered, it is announced, that weather has a direct effect upon the actions of ants. What they do as they move endlessly to and fro varies according to the prevailing temperature and humidity.

After observing many ant nests, Dr Schneirla established beyond doubt that the ants go through regular cycles of activity and inactivity which are dictated by the birth of new workers in an ant colony. For instance, he found that the army ants which are found in great numbers in the Panama Canal Zone nest quietly in a rocky cave or hollow log for 16 days and then send out "search parties" which hunt for food for 20 days.

This cycle never varies. It has apparently been the same, thinks Dr Schneirla, for millions of years.

At the centre of each of these colonies is a queen ant, and he believes that queens, males, and workers all come from eggs which are basically identical but have differences in physical form and function caused by variations in the amount of food supplied to different eggs.

Ant characteristics are not

inherited; they are acquired only under proper nourishment, Dr Schneirla explains.

His investigations tend to show that ant culture is based on a chemical scent which comes from the queen ant. The worker ants become "conditioned" to the scent of their own colony and refuse to leave.

Ants, however, do *not* pass on from generation to generation tricks known to the older workers, according to Dr Schneirla. All their "learning" is in response to their desire for food.

By continuing his investigations Dr Schneirla, who is curator of the American Museum of Natural History's Department of animal behaviour, believes he will be able to find out the exact basis of the social organisation of the ants.

He is so keen on his ant studies that he sometimes flies to parts of Central America to watch ants in their natural surroundings.

HAVING A GO

Scouts and Guides of Louth, Lincolnshire, are to be quizzed by Wilfred Pickles in his Have a Go programme to be broadcast on Wednesday, April 13, and repeated on Friday, April 15, and Sunday, April 17.

This is the first All Scout-Guide Have a Go! The audience at the recording will consist entirely of Scouts and Guides and their parents.

COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE

Planning to Strengthen Our Brotherhood of Nations

A MEETING of very great importance to every member of what is now called the British Commonwealth of Nations is to take place in London next week. The leaders of the several Dominions have come to the Motherland to discuss their future relations one with another, and to strengthen, it is hoped, their unity in a world in which political ideas are rapidly changing.

The decisions at this Commonwealth Conference—the second within the past six months—are certain to arouse great interest not only in the Empire itself but throughout the world.

The reason for this is simple. No fewer than 500 million people of all colours, creeds, and languages are members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. So what affects a quarter of all humanity must be of interest to the rest of mankind.

But there is another point of interest. The Commonwealth represents the largest voluntary association of nations under what is, in fact, one emblem. It is an association of free peoples and of equals.

The most important problem to be considered by the statesmen will be the reported wish of India to withdraw from her allegiance to the Crown and become a sovereign republic. This is not a surprising move as it had been foreshadowed as early as August 1947, when India and Pakistan became self-governing dominions. But equally clear is the fact that there are so many points of

common interest between India and Britain and between India and the rest of the Commonwealth that some sort of closer relationship than that of a foreign state is bound to be discussed.

Three Layers

Some political students have suggested the development of an entirely new idea of Commonwealth—a kind of three-layer Commonwealth. The first tier would be the United Kingdom and its Colonies; the second, the Dominions acknowledging allegiance to the Crown; and the third, Republics (such as India and possibly Eire) not recognising the King as their head, but bound to the rest of the Empire by close links of economic and political interest. But such an arrangement in itself suggests unequal status and the entire basis of membership of the Commonwealth is equality all round—equal benefits and equal responsibilities.

In addition to this vital problem, there are others of no small importance to the cohesion of the Commonwealth.

Despite the tremendous development of technical means of communication, for instance, there is still need for improving the means of political contacts. So many things happen nowadays, and so suddenly, that Commonwealth Governments must find ways of coming to decisions as quickly as if they were all in London, though, in fact, they are separated by thousands and thousands of miles.

As Canada is now the only Dominion concerned with Great Britain in the Atlantic Pact, Australia may raise the question of defence in other parts of the world. Australia has to defend very large spaces with very few people. So her entry into a framework of a larger defence organisation, something like a Pacific Pact, is an urgent matter for her statesmen.

No Compulsion

We may be confident, however, that all these problems will be successfully solved, because within the Commonwealth democracy, freedom, and equality are not empty words.

Its strength, moreover, lies in the fact (fully proved in the past few years) that there is no compulsion for any State to stay in the Commonwealth.

Today, more than at any time in modern history, the Commonwealth stands as a great example to mankind. It shows perhaps better than the United Nations how differences of opinion can be settled, how a weaker State can live next to a stronger State without fear—in a word, how democracy in international relations really works.

The coming Commonwealth conference is therefore an event of world-wide significance.

India's Newest and Biggest State

A NEW name is to appear on the map of India. It is Rajasthan, a new State of the Dominion of India which was recently inaugurated.

Its full title is the United State of Rajasthan, for it has been formed by the union of 14 older States formerly ruled by princes.

Rajasthan adjoins Pakistan and occupies much of the territory shown on our older maps as Rajputana. The new State is nearly as big as Italy and has a population of 12 million. It is the biggest State in the Dominion. It will have a position in the Dominion of India somewhat like that of one of the United States of America.

Rajasthan is the land of the proud Rajputs, whose ancestors were warlike princes and landowners, the majority being Hindus by religion. The peasants are mostly of the Jat race, and they, too, have been great soldiers in the past.

The ceremony of inaugurating Rajasthan was held recently in the 18th-century palace at Jaipur, which will probably be the capital of the new State. Here the proud Rajput princes and nobles, wearing rich and picturesque clothes and glittering turbans, laid their curved swords on the floor as a gesture of greeting to the Deputy Prime Minister of India, Sardar Patel, while the more democratic element at the ceremony, the Congress workers, wore Gandhi caps, shirts, and dhotis—a kind of skirt.

The Maharaja of Jaipur is to preside over the new State as Rajpramukh, a position similar to Governor.

"TEMPORARY" FOR 87 YEARS

A STRANGE link with Victorian London is being demolished. Galleries that were erected in South Kensington as temporary buildings for the International Exhibition of 1882 are to be pulled down. For many years they were used as the Southern Galleries of the Science Museum. They are being demolished to make way for the new centre block of the Museum.

To walk through these empty dilapidated halls, with their faded imitation grandeur, was like stepping back into mid-Victorian times. One could easily imagine crinolined and bonneted ladies and side-whiskered gentlemen admiring the hastily-built "magnificence" of these tall pillars and arches. But the pillars were made of terracotta, a material made of burnt clay which was very popular for ornamental purposes with our great-grandparents, and the terracotta splendour has cracked.

Boards have replaced windows. In one room pigeons have come in and nested; and the floors which supported the holiday-making crowds of the 1860s have become cracked and rotten. On the upper floor, the wooden pillars supporting the roof of the refreshment hall—where great-granddad was not troubled about the meat ration—looked dangerously askew.

Nevertheless, this temporary building of 1862 has indeed stood the test of time. Our own prefabricated buildings will have to be good to last as long.

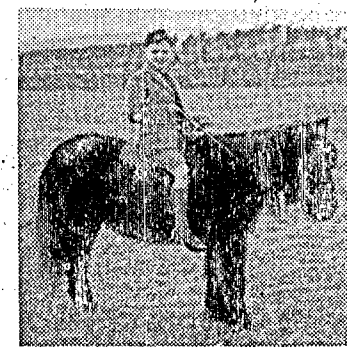
NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

SELECTIVE

An anti-aircraft and anti-tank gun developed in the U.S. is fitted with a device which prevents it from firing by mistake on friendly aircraft or tanks. How it does this is a secret, but presumably it is equipped with a radar apparatus.

Troop Leader John Chown of the 46th Paddington (St James's Group) has been awarded the Scout Silver Cross for bravery. This 16-year-old six-footer Scout was twice stabbed when tackling two bandits in the street.

The Cornwell Certificate has been awarded to Scout James Morris, 12, of the 1st Rayners Lane Group, Middlesex, for his patience and fortitude during years of suffering.



Spending her days in happy retirement, Daisy, a 35-year-old Shetland pony, is still willing to oblige a young rider at her home in Fochabers, Morayshire.

The first English theatrical company to make a tour of Germany since the war is to present Hamlet and Bernard Shaw's Man and Superman. The British Council and the Control Commission for Germany have helped to arrange the tour.

Happy Birthday to Her

A children's choir sang to Sarah Murray of Fulham on her 103rd birthday, not long ago.

An R A F jet-propelled Vampire recently made a 6000-mile flight from Singapore to Khartoum in order to carry out tests in the Sudan's dry atmosphere. When these are finished the plane will be dismantled and its parts sent to England for examination by experts.

When valuers were looking up the history of a Sydney (Australia) estate, now worth £3,000,000, they found that in 1837 it was exchanged for a horse.

An engine of the Kent and East Sussex light railway that was derailed at Wittersham recently sank in marshy ground.

SAND CYCLIST

A Swedish journalist claims to be the first man to ride a bicycle across the North African desert from Tunis to Cairo. He completed the 2000-mile ride in 17 days.

There is a shortage of big docks on our east coast, and increased facilities will be needed for the fleets of large tankers now being built. Sunderland is to help by building a new dry dock 650 feet long, capable of taking ships of 28,000 tons.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra is again to have a £25,000 grant from the London County Council. In return the orchestra will give 20 concerts for children and a week of concerts in Finsbury Park.

High-grade iron ore has been discovered in north-eastern Quebec, and it is thought that mining riches are widely spread in this area.

HANDY

At the German industrial exhibition opened in New York recently there was a camera which could be worn like a wrist watch; it weighed 1½ ounces.

Before a big audience the Perth Battalion of the Boys' Brigade presented a programme of Scottish dancing in the City Hall. One of the main items was the dance Cross Swords, which had been specially adapted for a team of eight boys; it is believed to be the first occasion on which the dance has been performed outside military circles.

Mr Bernard Shaw has stated that he thinks the phrase "the work he was fitted for" is better English than "the work for which he was fitted."

At the 52nd Netherlands International Industries Fair at Utrecht 3600 firms took part. Of the 29 countries represented Britain had the lead with 414 firms.

Tell Your Dad

Because the children of King's Lynn, Norfolk, use pedestrian crossings so intelligently, the police have asked them to "educate their parents."

The linking of Newfoundland with Canada has added about 320,000 to the population of Canada, making the total over thirteen million.

East Bengal, a province of Pakistan, is to prohibit alcoholic liquor.

PALE MOLE

Thirteen-year-old Donald Baldwin recently caught a cream-coloured mole at Milton Park, Peterborough.

Television was for the first time successfully demonstrated in Australia recently by the Pyc Company of Cambridge in association with Electronics Industries of Australia. Yachting in Port Phillip Bay was televised. The equipment had been flown to Australia.

B.C.G. (Bacillus Calmette Guérin), the tuberculosis vaccine developed by and named after two French scientists, is to be widely tested on volunteers in Britain.

Britain's first civic cinema has been opened at Oundle, Northamptonshire.

**Make Sure of
NEXT WEEK'S CN
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Countess Bernadotte, widow of the assassinated United Nations mediator, has been elected Chief of the Swedish Girl Guides.

According to the Moscow paper Bolshevik, Russia has 29,000 citizens over 100 years of age.

Tenniel's Alice

Mrs Probert, who died recently at the age of 89, was the original for Sir John Tenniel's illustrations of Alice in Wonderland. She was then a little girl named Mary Badcock, the daughter of a canon.

Shoes That Fit For £6 a Year

YOUNG people's shoes are likely to be the subject of an interesting experiment by the Middlesex County Council. It is proposed that in one area in Ealing parents shall pay £6 a year for which a child will receive, in the year, three pairs of shoes, fitted by an expert and kept in good repair.

"Are you sure they fit?" How well we know the question. At the time, sliding on the slippery new soles over the shop's carpet, we feel quite sure; but later, on the way to school, doubts wax with the pinch. It is too late to change them.

The Middlesex Health Committee say that there is a high percentage of defects in children's feet, and that the shoes of the majority in the areas they investigated did not fit. In one junior school, where there were 289 children, the medical officer found that 176 had badly-fitting shoes, or otherwise unsuitable footwear.

It is a serious matter indeed, for present-day conditions produce a considerable number of crippled or deformed feet. Obtaining the right shoes is a headache for parents—and the wrong ones are a foot-ache for the children. The scheme at Ealing is an excellent experiment. It has been described as essentially medical in character, and would be operated through an established firm which can supply a complete service at one school and one welfare centre at Ealing.

The Children's Newspaper, April 16, 1947

The Royal Maundy

THURSDAY April 14 is Maundy Thursday, and the ancient ceremony of the Royal Maundy, attended by members of the Royal Family, will take place at Westminster Abbey with all its impressive pageantry.

Specially-minted Maundy coins, consisting of silver penny, two-penny, threepenny, and four-penny pieces contained in white leather purses with red thongs, will be given to certain selected poor people. The coins are valuable because they are eagerly sought after by collectors. The persons chosen nowadays to receive these and other gifts are generally those who have formerly been householders paying rates and taxes and who have been the means of the employment of others. It is considered an honour to be among the recipients.

An illustrated booklet giving the history of this age-old ceremony is being sold for the benefit

of King George's Jubilee Trust. This booklet, *The Royal Maundy*, can be obtained for 2s 6d, post free, from Mr E. E. Ratcliffe, 7 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, London, SW 1.

The origin of the Maundy custom is the ceremonial washing of the feet of poor people by a king, in commemoration of the commands which our Lord gave to His disciples on the day before His Crucifixion.

The booklet also tells us that the actual washing of feet was last performed by a king of England in 1685 when, wrote an old chronicler, James the Second "was'd, wip'd, and kiss'd the feet of 52 poor men with wonderful humility."

Presents of food and clothing were also made, but in 1837 King William IV sanctioned a money-allocation instead of the provisions, and in 1882 a money allowance was paid instead of the clothing.

BEN JONSON'S CRIME

PRIVILEGED visitors to Westminster Guildhall have been inspecting treasured documents brought for the occasion from Middlesex County Record Office. Among these was the original warrant on which Ben Jonson, the poet and dramatist, convicted in September 1598 of having killed Gabriel Spencer, an actor, in a duel, was sentenced to branding on his left hand.

It is known that Ben Jonson bore no branding-scar, and the story comes down from his own day that the prison officer charged to execute the punishment only drew a cold iron across the prisoner's hand.

The Kindest Village

KINDNESS shown 300 years ago to a rich man who, disguised as a beggar, wandered from village to village trying to "find the true nature of the Sussex folk" will be remembered on Good Friday.

About thirty "old and indigent parishioners" of Hartfield will gather round his moss-covered tomb in the local churchyard as the rector distributes the Nicholas Smith Charity. Each individual will receive five shillings after the coins have been laid out on the tomb.

Nicholas Smith is said to have met with little kindness at first in his wanderings. Then he came to Hartfield where he received such Christian charity that he left a sum of money which still produces about £7 10s annually.

Spring in Lakeland

Students sketching by Rydal Water among the daffodils in Dora's Field which inspired William Wordsworth.

WIDENING THEIR OUTLOOK

THE Central Bureau for Educational Visits and Exchanges, which has been assisting in schemes of foreign travel for groups of schoolchildren and students during the past year, is endeavouring to arrange with employers in different countries to exchange groups of young workers in the same trade.

Arrangements have been made for six workers from a Bolton textile machinery works to go to France and work on similar machines. Their places at Bolton will be taken by six young French workers. A party from a mining machinery works at Wakefield will also go to France under the same scheme.

Ancient Trees For Britain

TALL fir trees, thought to have become extinct one hundred million years ago, have begun their growth in Britain. This exciting news is given in the annual report of the Timber Development Association.

Last year the CN described how some Chinese botanists, exploring in Central China, were astonished to come upon a grove of these giant trees, each one about 100 feet high and 20 feet in circumference. The tree is called *Metasequoia glyptostroboides*, and only fossilised remains of it had been found up to the time the botanists made their discovery. The explorers took seeds from the trees and sent them to Harvard University, who distributed some of them to other countries, including Britain. Now these seeds have been planted here and have germinated and show signs of vigorous growth.

These trees are related to the giant sequoia trees of California, some of which are believed to be 4000 years old and are still flourishing.

Cheshire Cheese Makers Wanted

THERE is a great lack of dairy-maids to assist farmhouse-cheese makers. At a meeting of the Cheshire Dairy Farmers' Association a member suggested that a booklet should be produced and given to girls at school to attract them to cheese making as a career.

It was reported that there are only just over 80 farmhouse-cheese makers left in Lancashire and Cheshire, 20 fewer than a year ago, and there is a possibility that in a few years the tradition of cheese making by the farmer's wife will die out.

TWO MEN

WITHIN a few days two men of widely different interest have been commemorated in London.

On the house in Baker Street where Pitt lived, a plaque has been unveiled. It is inscribed "William Pitt, the Younger, 1759-1806, lived here 1803-1804." Another plaque, placed on 18 St Giles's High Street, records the name of George Odger, a member of the London Trades Council from its beginning in 1860, and its secretary from 1862 to 1872. He was a man of very wide sympathies and largely led the trades council to organise a welcome to Garibaldi, Italy's great fighter for freedom, and also to hold a rally supporting the Union side in the American Civil War.



Their Own Tuck Shop

Young carpenters and decorators are building their own tuck shop at St Marylebone West School, London—but the shop will only sell "dummies," to teach the pupils the business of retail buying and selling.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD

MOST of us are familiar with the brass portrait of Sir John D'Abernon, for it is illustrated in school history books to show the armour worn by the knights of the 13th century. The brass is in Stoke D'Abernon church, Surrey, and is the oldest in England. The knight, who died in 1277, is clad completely in chain mail, and his arm encircles a lance which a lion is seen to be vigorously biting.

Recent excavations have, it is confidently believed, revealed Sir John's lead coffin which is of unusual shape and width and has a heart figured on it. Fragments of the wood coffin which enclosed it were also found, and they bore traces of colour and also curious markings which the excavators were not able to decipher.

The good knight's coffin was not opened, but near by the excavators found an unsealed stone coffin in which lay the skeleton of the 13th-century parson Sir Richard the Little—a very bow-legged man who probably spent much of his life on horseback.

Egg Custom

EASTER is the time of eggs, and nowhere more so than at Preston, Lancashire. Most of the children of this ancient town assemble at Avenham Park on Easter Sunday afternoon, and there, in the long, steep valley, roll their eggs according to time-honoured custom.

The eggs, carefully boiled to prevent their breaking easily, are elaborately painted before being taken to the rolling and bowling. The festival, which is meaningless to a stranger, is full of significance for those entitled to share the egg-rolling, whose origin is said to date back to distant pagan days.

The Easter egg-rolling gives Preston a strange little touch of distinction, the memory of which abides from year to year and from generation to generation; for so perfect a preservative is the oil-paint with which the eggs are decorated that these may keep fresh and eatable while the boys and girls who receive them grow up into men and women.

Grandpa Gander

A RESIDENT of Otley, a small Suffolk village, has a gander which has reached the remarkable age of 22 years and is still enjoying life. She has had him since he was a gosling.

"With his bright eyes and sleek feathers," says a correspondent, "he does not look his years, and is an excellent watchdog. No stranger can get by without his lordship raising his voice in shrill protest."

Easter Greeting

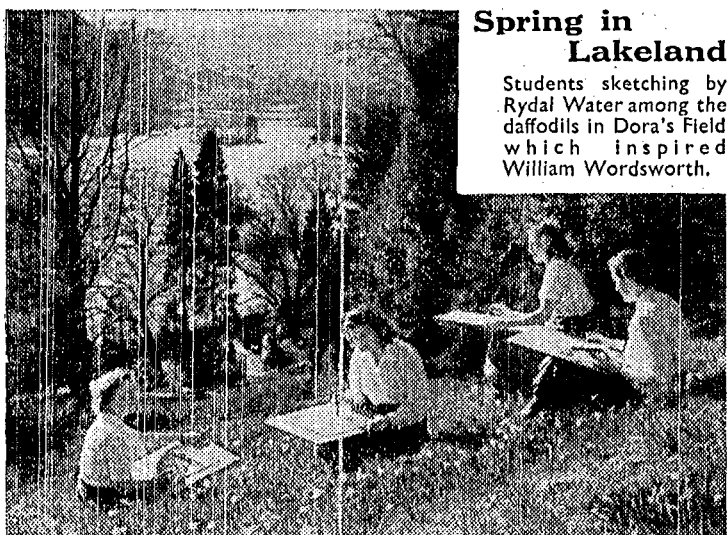


Some Easter chicks soon found themselves in the limelight, for they were greeted by film star Jean Simmons.

COUNTING SHEEP

NEW ZEALAND counts its sheep every year at shearing time, when millions of woolly sheep are mustered from mountains and hills to be relieved of the burden of their winter-weight fleeces before the hot summer begins.

The total number of sheep shorn last season was just over 30 million, and nearly six million lambs were also shorn. Most of the wool from these 36 million New Zealand sheep and lambs will be shipped to Britain to keep the mills of Yorkshire busy.



THEIR FRIEND THE STORK

April is the month when storks return to eastern Europe from their winter quarters in the south and get busy repairing their nests ready for a new brood. No bird is so welcome to the peasant as the stork—it is his bird of good omen—and a C.N. correspondent back from Poland here tells something of their habits.

ALTHOUGH the peasant of eastern Europe is surrounded by many kinds of interesting birds and animals—cranes, wild duck by the million, wolves, lynx, and many others—yet the stork is the creature he cares most about. A stork is his good luck, and brings good harvests!

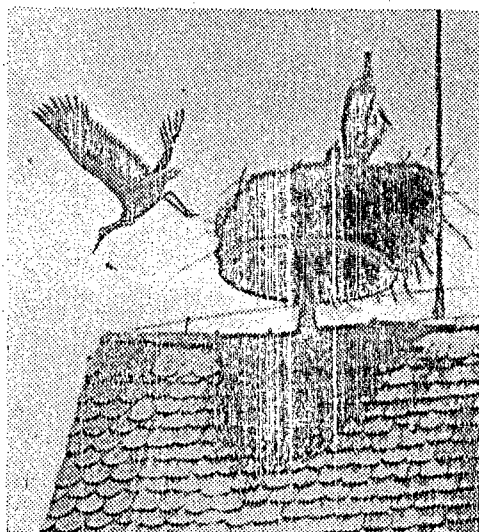
There is another worth-while factor to be considered, too, says the peasant. A nest of storks on a house roof is as good as fire insurance because they have a keen instinct for knowing when a house is due to be destroyed by fire.

They leave their nest quite a while before such a calamity, and hold a noisy conference in some nearby field—grumbling about having to start a new home, and wondering why the house-owner doesn't do something about his smouldering thatch.

It is the common white stork which builds a nest so close to human beings. The black ones like to get as far away as possible

sheer weight sometimes makes a thatched roof collapse. This does not annoy the house-owner, and any peasant will go to great lengths to keep a stork family once it has built its nest on his roof. Who would dream of turning good luck away?

Whenever a new house is erected there is always a nest



Airborne

foundation laid on the gable end, and until a stork has moved in the peasant stays out. Sometimes a stork family just will not occupy a house roof, or will even leave a nest already there. When this happens a tree stump is erected in the yard and a flat board nailed on top. More often than not the stork will then build a new nest, and everybody is happy, especially the relatives of the peasant, because they have had to house him and his family in cramped quarters until the stork finally settles down.

Storks are silent creatures, and only hiss when angry, or clap their beaks when excited. They are rather dirty, too—at least, the common whites are. Still, Eastern Europe would not be the same without them.

There is little fear of the stork becoming extinct so long as the peasant holds it in such reverence. Even those peasants who earn their livelihood by fishing the rivers would never dream of shooting a

stork, even though it is a bird which delights in eating more fish than the fisherman himself can often catch!

A London Garden Restored

HANOVER SQUARE GARDEN in London's West End, where a bronze statue of William Pitt stands, has been cleared of its wartime unsightliness and reopened. The public are now allowed to use it during the day-time. Before the war only residents in the neighbourhood could enter the garden.

It was taken over for air-raid shelters during the war and left in a very derelict condition. £3000 has been spent on making it beautiful again with flowers, and timber from the Iron Duke, Admiral Jellicoe's flagship, has been used to make public seats.

C.N. ASTRONOMER TELLS US THAT...

The Lyrid Meteors Are Coming

SOME of the famous Lyrid Meteors may be seen next week, as the absence of moonlight affords a favourable opportunity for observing them.

They are expected during the nights from April 20 to 22, that of the 21st offering the best promise of a display; then several meteors may be seen speeding from above the horizon in the north-east when the sky becomes dark, providing it is clear.

If the main display does not occur during daylight hours quite a considerable number may be seen, averaging possibly one a minute. The later they are looked for, the more are likely to be observed.

These meteors appear to radiate from the constellation of the Lyre and near the very bright star Vega, which will be the brightest seen and rather low in the north-east sky at that time. They are therefore known as the Lyrid Meteors, but they have no actual connection whatever with the stars of Lyra. The brightest of these are shown on our star-map, together with the point from which the meteors appear to radiate; this is known as the meteor radiant.

The Lyrid Meteors are particu-

larly interesting because they constitute the residue of debris thrown off from the Great Comet of 1861. They were therefore at one time part of that comet, and subsequently formed a vast stream of meteoric particles spread along the length of the comet's orbit. The length of this stream of rapidly-moving particles amounts to some thousands of millions of miles.

The Great Comet of 1861 came very near to the Earth in that year, our world passing through its tail and crossing the comet's orbit. It happened at about this time of the year, and every year since, when the Earth crosses the path of this comet's orbit, she enters the stream of meteors which follow in its wake, numbers of them being drawn into the Earth's atmosphere.

The meteors are not visible until this happens, for it is the friction with the air, due to their great speed of between 30 and 40 miles a second, which causes the meteors to become

incandescent. This occurs when they are about 70 miles above the Earth's surface, and it is then they are first seen. During the next second they travel some 35 to 40 miles on an average, producing that familiar streak of light which caused meteors to be named "shooting stars."

They vanish at a height of some 30 to 40 miles, for by then they are usually consumed, their gases entering the Earth's atmosphere. The residue falls as dust, and thus adds continuously to the materials of our world an amount which in the course of ages and from many meteor streams is appreciable. Some theorists even think the Earth has been built up in that way; but there are strong objections to this idea.

The great majority of these meteors range in size from grains of sand to pebbles. The occasional brighter ones may be as large as footballs, which will travel a longer path. Still rarer are specimens as large as the dome of a cathedral. When this is the case a large portion usually remains unconsumed and falls to Earth, when it is known as a meteorite. Many are to be seen in museums. G. F. M.



ZOO PENGUINS ARE HOME AGAIN

By Our Own Correspondent

AFTER spending nearly a year's "holiday" in the Wading Birds' Aviary, the London Zoo's Cape penguins, 17 all told, have returned to their traditional home, the Penguin Pool, now nicely redecorated for them.

Their transfer was effected with more ease and speed than you might think, thanks to the extra man-power mustered for the occasion. First, three members of the menagerie's gardening staff went into the aviary and gently drove the penguins into a corner. Keepers Jones and Newson then went quietly in and, grabbing each bird in turn firmly around the neck (to prevent bites), lifted it into a travelling crate which stood at the aviary gate, mounted on a trolley. The penguins were then wheeled off to the Pool, in batches of six at a time. And with them went three large nesting kennels, all of which have now served their purpose for this season. These the keepers set up on the upper, parapet of the Pool, ready for future use.

The penguins—most of them birds brought home from South Africa two years ago by Mr Jones—seemed glad to be home again and waddled quickly around their redecorated quarters, giving the place a critical look-over. To make them feel thoroughly at ease, Keeper Jones handed each bird a nice fresh herring.

Most surprised member of the colony was a two-months-old chick, born in January in the Waders' Aviary. To him, the Pool was indeed "new ground." He was, however, much too insecure on his "pins" to waddle far, and spent the first hour or two seated in a doorway of a nestbox up on the parapet, from which vantage point he had a fine view of the proceedings below.

Pleased though visitors will be to see the penguins back in their old home again, there are some former inmates they will miss. These are the big King penguins,

They are not going back to the Pool but will remain permanently in their present quarters, the crescent-shaped pond below the Mappin Terraces—a location which, probably on account of its space and size, seems to suit these large penguins better than does the Pool.

OLD age has claimed one of the biggest Zoo favourites—Jean, the 24-year-old pygmy hippo, who has died after living in the menagerie for 20 years.

Jean will be remembered by thousands of visitors who, as children, visited the Gardens before the war. She was so tame then that almost every small visitor to the Hippo House went into her stall to feed her and pet her fat flanks.

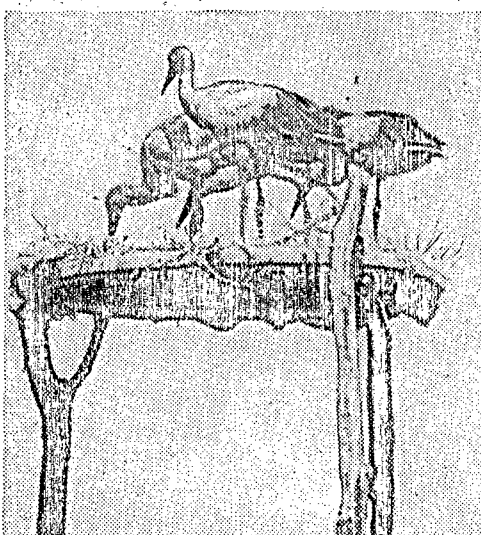
Whipsnade visitors, too, will not readily forget Jean, for she was often sent to the Bedfordshire Zoo-park to spend the summer months in the lush pastures of Spicer's Field, the 30-acre African

paddock. There, indeed, she soon became known as Lady Litter Basket because, on the appearance of a visitor, she would stroll sedately up and down by the fence, holding open her huge cavernous mouth into which almost everybody dropped anything from a sandwich to a peanut!

Since the war, Jean had not been allowed so many contacts, as her temper deteriorated with advancing years. Her death leaves the Zoo with two of these Liberian animals—Percy and Peggy. C. H.

French Pipe-Line

THE French Government has drawn up a scheme for the construction of a pipe-line between Havre and Paris that would carry 1,500,000 tons of petroleum annually. There are big refineries at Havre and Rouen which could process the crude oil for the pipe-line.

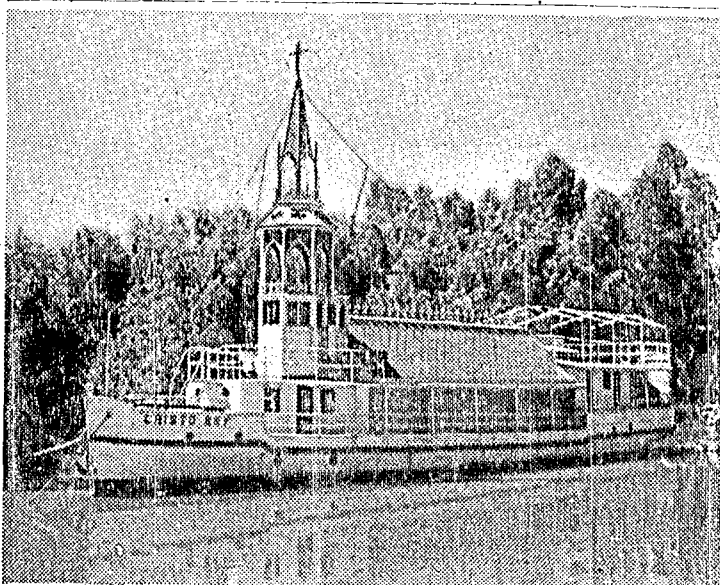


Family nest

from villages. The pure black one—which is really a very dark copper, shot with purple and green, is indeed a rarity, and the type usually classed as black is only half and half. The upper part of the body is black and the underpart white, with brilliant red legs and beak. It inhabits the remotest marshes and water-logged forests.

Storks are good parents, and the young ones are always hungry. Whenever I climbed up to a nest to see how they were getting along—they remain in the nest for a long time—I was met by a row of upturned beaks. Parent storks feed their young by regurgitation—thrusting the half-digested remains of a morning's catch down the eager throats.

The same nests are used year after year, and as additions are made each breeding season, they soon assume enormous sizes; the



Floating Church

This chapel at San Fernando, Argentina, visits riverside and coastal communities.

THE RADIO COMMENTATOR

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS—The fifth in the series of articles specially written for C N by Alan Ivimey



Edward Ward—the man behind the voice behind the mike

TO have the sort of job which causes you to spend Christmas in a prison camp, a lighthouse, or a ruined cathedral is always to be sure of a little variety. And that is what Edward Ward likes.

I chose him as my BBC Commentator and went along to see him in his office behind Broadcasting House. He was looking through a big pile of discs of his various recordings, and we settled down to talk of what he had been doing.

I had first met him on the opposite side of the same microphone, just after his best-known exploit of being marooned on the Bishop Rock Lighthouse. But he is rather tired of talking about that one, so I asked him how a commentator's job works out.

"Well," he answered, "one may put up a scheme or one of the BBC departments may put up a scheme. It might come from the Features Director, for instance. Then comes the question of how far I have to go, or how much it is going to cost,

and such questions as visas for crossing far frontiers, and money and things like that. If the scheme goes through, I have to get letters of introduction to every sort of person in any sort of country—a Yorkshire mine foreman, an Italian Count, or an Austrian schoolmaster. And then I'm off."

THE great difference between a BBC Commentator and a Press Reporter is that the latter usually

carries only a pen and a pad, or, at most, a typewriter, to the scene of operations. But the BBC man has to take around a complicated and somewhat bulky recording apparatus. It is not enough for him just to go to a place, write down what he sees, and then read it at a microphone. The listener wants to hear the actual sounds and voices of that place.

Where people's voices have to be recorded, the recording van, in charge of a BBC engineer, is parked in a convenient spot, and the commentator takes a hand "mike" on the end of a long cable and gathers his speakers round him. Sometimes there is a lot to be said, or if the people are nervous or can't speak English well enough a script is given them. But the best recordings are spontaneous.

Ward told me that he usually tries to do a rehearsal first and it often pays to signal the engineer to "switch on" then, as the rehearsal is often so much better than the final effort.

I BELIEVE the trip he liked best was his visit to Spain to make recordings of the songs of the Andalusian gypsies. He likes Spain best of all the countries he has visited—and this still youngish man has seen most of the world in the last ten years.

It was after spending three years out in China as a correspondent for Reuters, the famous

the rumbling tracks of one of Rommel's tanks coming straight for him. After that it was capture and three years in Italian and German prisoner-of-war camps, whence he was at last rescued, dramatically, by the Americans.

HE was flown home but, though you think he might have had enough of Germany by this time, within a short time he was back there again in time to record the fall of Leipzig and the link-up with the Russian



An engineer tests the mobile recording equipment

news agency, and then two more years wandering round the globe on his own, that Ward came back to England looking for a job, and heard there was one going at Broadcasting House for an announcer. He applied and was accepted. But he soon got tired of just reading the news—he wanted to go out and get it.

So when the war between Finland and Russia broke out—the so-called "Winter War of 1939"—he was sent out to record it and set off for the land of swamp and lake and forest where, as I know, you can feel the winter cold like something you can touch. He got bombed and mortared by the Russians and saw the handful of British-built fighter planes, partly flown by Swedish volunteers, make their gallant stand against overwhelming odds.

FROM Finland Edward Ward came back to our own war, and France was his next assignment. In the German breakthrough he just got to Bordeaux ahead of the enemy and came safely home. But not to stay—that's not the Ward way. Soon he was in a convoy bound for Gibraltar, and did a story on that. At "Gib" he found orders to go to Egypt which he had to reach in those perilous days by way of Cape Town and Durban, arriving in Cairo early in 1941. Then he followed Wavell's great push—the first really good news of the war—across the desert to Benghazi.

Next it was Greece and ill-fated Crete, then Palestine and Syria, so that those locked up in that little island or ours could hear what was going on outside. After a month in wild Abyssinia he was back in North Africa again only to find himself suddenly surrounded by German Panzers. From the bottom of a quickly-dug slit-trench he saw

Army on the Elbe. By V E Day Ward and his van were up at Flensburg, on the Danish frontier, where thousands of German troops and many of their ships were herded together as in a last corner.

But he wanted to see the end of the war in Asia, too, and was at Hong Kong in time to record the Japanese surrender ceremony there for listeners at home. Then it was a journey to Chungking for the "Double-Tenth"—October 10—China's Independence Day, and back down the mighty Yangtse river in a small paddle boat and through mountain gorges where the current boils round rocks and swirls against sandbanks. Those swirls got recorded, too.

BACK in England once more he was asked, in December 1946, "How would you like to spend Christmas on a lighthouse?"

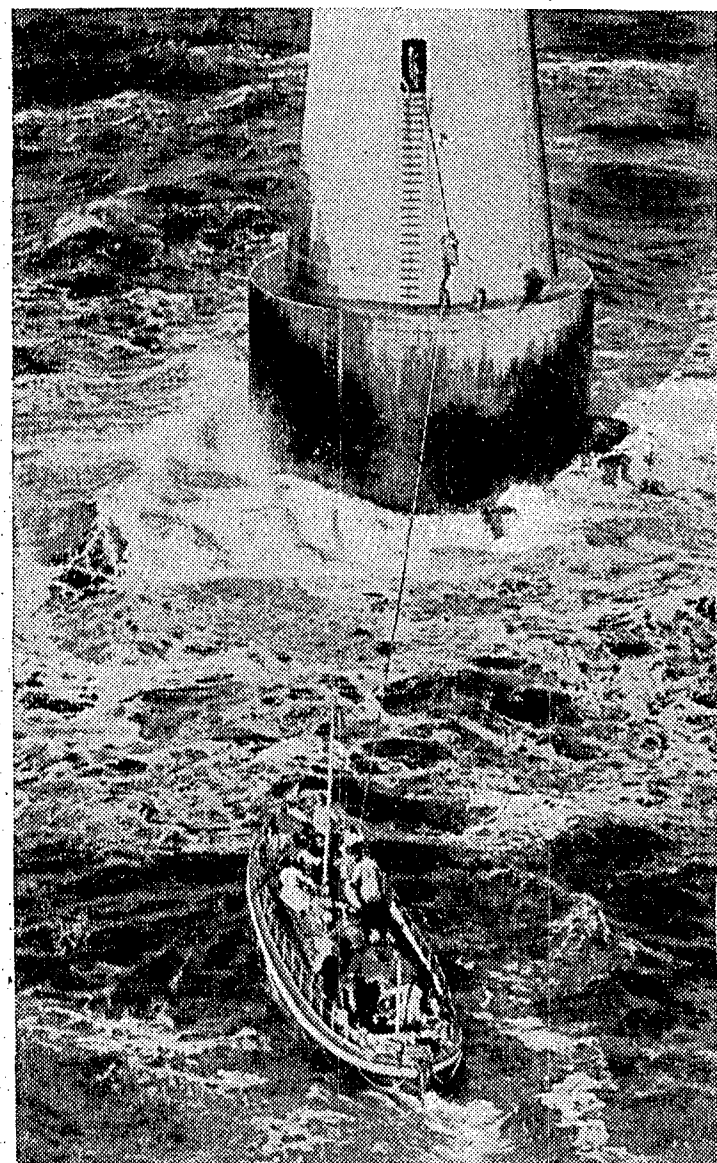
"I wouldn't," said Ward; but he had to go, of course. It was the Bishop Rock off the Scilly Isles, that was his destination this time, and he went provided with turkey and plum pudding for the lighthouse keepers. They were very pleased to see him—at first. But instead of spending five days with them, as was intended, the weather kept him there three weeks, and he nearly ate them out of lighthouse and home.

Next Christmas he did a "Men of Good Will" programme from Europe's most damaged cathedral,

Continued on page 10



A commentator interviews Leicestershire coal face workers



After being marooned for 29 days in Bishop Rock Lighthouse Edward Ward is taken off by lifeline

April 16, 1949

The Children

The Doctor's Dome

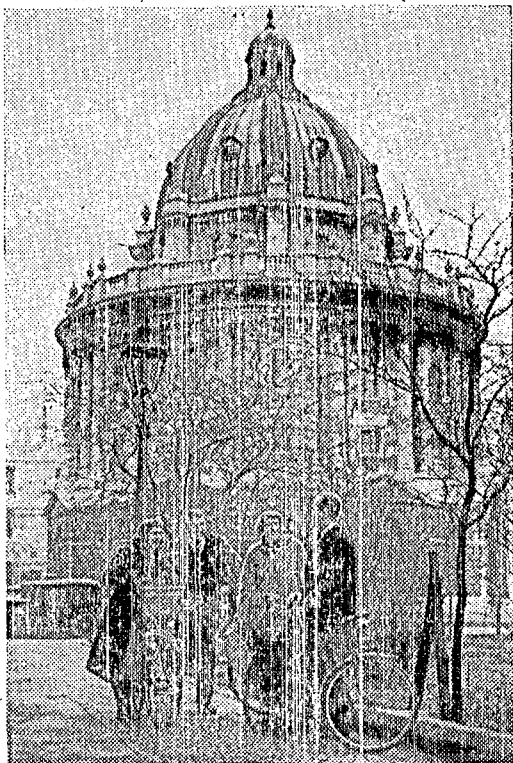
WHEREVER we wander among the dreaming spires of Oxford we catch glimpses of the noble dome of the Radcliffe Camera, the building which once contained the Radcliffe library and has for many years now been used as a reading room for the Bodleian Library. Two hundred years ago, on April 13, 1749, this magnificent palace of study was officially opened, and a week of festivities held in honour of Oxford's latest adornment, which had been erected through the generosity of a rich, eccentric, and famous doctor. The bells, of the city rang, honorary degrees were conferred, a grand dinner party was held, Handel's *Esther*, *Samson*, and *Messiah* were performed.

The Radcliffe Camera had cost £40,000, but the man who had left the money for it had been dead for nearly 35 years.

Dr John Radcliffe, who was born in 1650, had acquired his great wealth because he had an almost uncanny knack for curing sick people, although he himself once boasted that his medical library consisted only of some phials, a skeleton, and a herbal. Yet before he had been in London a year his reputation was such that he was earning more than 20 guineas a day. He attended William and Mary and saved the king's life, but on being summoned one day to the queen, who was suffering from smallpox, he declared, after reading the recipes given her, that she was a dead woman, and in fact she died in a few days. For some reason he refused to attend the Princess Anne, saying once that her illness was nothing but the "vapours."

Radcliffe was a witty man, and it was said that people pretended to be ill simply to have the pleasure of his entertaining con-

versation. His connection with King William ended when he saw his royal patient's swollen ankles and said he would not have the king's two legs for his three kingdoms. William was gravely



The Radcliffe Camera, Oxford

offended and would not see Radcliffe again—but he continued taking the diet-drinks he had prescribed.

Of himself the worthy doctor said in 1714 that he would not live a fortnight, and he was dead in 16 days—the last, and almost exact, diagnosis in his successful career. He never married, and left most of his fortune to Oxford University.

The Radcliffe Camera, which is his most fitting memorial, is a great round building, 100 feet across. Crowned by the lead-covered dome and its cupola, it is one of the most excellent English buildings in the Italian style, and was built by James Gibbs between 1737 and 1749. From the balustraded gallery below the dome there is a magnificent view over the towers, domes, and spires of our lovely city of learning.

SCHOOLBOYS IN FAIRYLAND

THE school play is always an exciting occasion, but the one performed in their school hall recently by the boys of Uppingham must have been intensely so, for they tackled a very ambitious production: *The Fairy Queen*.

This is an arrangement, by an unknown author, of Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, for which Henry Purcell wrote the music in 1692. The original production demanded all sorts of elaborate scenery and stage properties such as chariots drawn by peacocks, and fountains. The Uppingham players wisely avoided trying to represent all these, but even so they had plenty to do.

They had a chorus of 80 boys. Costumes as well as stage space for all these would have been a headache, so they had 20 boys on the stage wearing costumes, and the rest arranged on either side. The chorus let their voices go and made the rafters ring, but they could sing softly, too, as in *Hush, No More*, the delightful number sung while Queen Titania sleeps.

In *The Fairy Queen* are a large number of dances, and though schoolboys are sometimes thought to be a bit shy about dancing, those of Uppingham demonstrated that boys can dance as well as many of their sisters when they have a mind to.

The music, of course, was the really important thing, and most of the solos were sung by boys, and the orchestra consisted of boys.

Uppingham has set an inspiring example of what can be done in the production of school opera.

DIGNITY IN AN EGG-CUP

THE potato shown in the egg-cup below must have resolved, as it began to grow, never to be chipped, mashed, boiled, baked, sauté'd, or any of the other things that usually happen



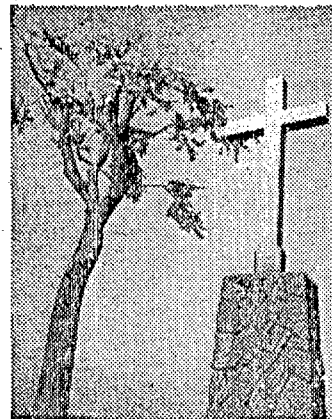
to a potato. So it grew itself into the likeness of a small pig—or was it a puppy? It was evidently not quite sure which.

It certainly achieved fame and was kept as a curio. Except for the removal of the potato's "eye," this eccentric tuber is intact "as grown."

The photograph was sent to us by a reader at Sandbach in Cheshire.

The Editor's Table

EASTER MESSAGE



ONCE again, Easter returns with its never-failing message of hope and new life. It was fitting that the Resurrection of Christ came at springtime, that the wings of victory which carried the Christian faith round the world were spread while the year was young and the sap was rising in the trees.

The men and women who first believed in Easter believed in something new and wonderful which had never happened before. It was a miraculous belief. It made them all feel young. It put them, as we say, on top of the world; nothing could hold their enthusiasm. It was a belief which transformed them.

CHRIST returned to His disciples, bringing hope of new life to all mankind. That is the secret of Easter. Faith in One who rose from the dead spread like sunshine across the sombre world. It lit the dark places and flashed its light wherever there was despondency and sorrow.

*The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun,
Alleluia!*

Life has been lovelier and sweeter ever since the first Easter morning. Men have believed that the "things of good report" are more lasting than evil; that the power of love is greater than the power of hate; that life really does go on beyond the gates of death.

Easter brings permanent springtime into the world of men and their affairs. The best is yet to be. The last word about life on this Earth is not of despair but of hope.

So into our world of 1949 Easter comes with its glad tidings of life rising above all obstacles. That is the faith which triumphed on the first Easter morning. That is the faith which triumphs still.

EASTER PRAYER

O RISEN Christ! O Easter Flower!
How dear Thy Grace has grown!
From east to west with loving power,
Make all the world Thine own.
Phillips Brooks

OUR BEST WISHES TO NEWFOUNDLAND

ON April 1 Newfoundland officially became part of the Dominion of Canada, and thus Britain's oldest colony became Canada's youngest province nearly 452 years after the island was discovered by John Cabot.

The people of Britain heartily join in the good wishes which Mr Attlee broadcast to the Newfoundland people not long ago. Their new status as Canadians makes no difference at all to us, for they are as much as ever citizens of the British Commonwealth.

"It is the belief of all of us," said Mr Attlee, "that with pride in her past and with hope and confidence in her future, Newfoundland will go forward into a new era, and that the path she has chosen will lead to an enduring prosperity so richly deserved by her gallant and generous people."

A Concert for a Penny

WHAT a splendid idea are the Penny Concerts which have been held for secondary school-boys and girls on Saturday mornings by Coram's Fields and the Harmsworth Memorial Playground in the Old Foundling Hospital, London.

Boys and girls paid a penny to go in and the concerts, lasting about an hour, have been given by students of the Royal Academy of Music. It is hoped to continue the concerts during next term.

A surprisingly large number of boys and girls find great enjoyment in these concerts. Many children in other parts of the country, we are sure, would welcome such an opportunity.

JUST AN IDEA

As Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote, *If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency.*

Under the E



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW

If small talk is broken
English

A MOTHER says her son is so tall he can't get a job. He ought to be suitable for a good post.

GIRLS at Tulse Hill High School are saving up to buy their own swimming-pool. Will pool their resources.

EVERY child should have a fair start in life. How about the dark ones?

TO make sowings of salad crops use up odd corners, says a gardener. Seeds are more usual.

HENRY HUDSON'S CHURCH IN DANGER

ST ETHELBURGA'S, the tiny church in London where gallant Henry Hudson and his adventurous crew of ten men and a boy received Communion in 1607 before voyaging into unknown seas, is in danger, and an appeal for £4000 for its restoration is being made.

Named after the first Abbess of Barking, St Ethelburga's is one of the smallest churches in the City and survived both the Great Fire of 1666 and the Second World War. Its memorable association with the famous navigator whose name was given to Hudson Bay, Hudson River, and Hudson Strait, has made it a place of pilgrimage for Americans visiting Britain.

Today it looks almost toy-like with its little grey 15th-century walls sandwiched between two tall buildings. Inside, it is only 56 feet 6 inches long, but three of its beautiful windows tell the story of intrepid Henry Hudson. The first shows the Communion

scene before the fruitless voyage to find a passage by the North Pole to China and Japan.

The second window, given by citizens of the United States, shows Hudson, at a later date, sailing up his Hudson River and peacefully meeting the Red Indians. The third, given by citizens of the British Empire, commemorates the end of Henry Hudson in 1611 when mutineers set him adrift in James Bay, and bears the words: He sleeps beneath the radiant vault of peace among the brave who lie for ever still.

What a precious corner of the English-speaking world is this tiny London church with its churchyard now a restful little garden with a fountain, pool, seats, and loggia. Yet the building is in a woeful state of disrepair. Their fittings are so far gone that the bells cannot be rung. Damaged by worms, the whole roof must be stripped for inspection and repair.

paper

April 16, 1949

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Third Jubilee of the CMS

A hundred and fifty years ago this week a small band of Christians met in the inn parlour of the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate Street, London, and founded the great Church Missionary Society. "We must begin on a small scale. Christianity was thus founded," said John Venn, one of those launching the new movement.

The pioneers met with bitter discouragement from the start. In the 20 years between 1804 and 1824 no fewer than 53 of their missionaries died in Sierra Leone and many others were invalided home. Their friends in Britain felt crushed at such losses and there were even hints at withdrawal. But the Society "soldiered on."

The CMS at this third Jubilee has the same spirit as that which inspired those who founded it on April 12, 1799. For the age of pioneering is not over, and Christians in the troubled world of today are faced with tasks of evangelism which call for super-human strength.

HOPE FOR THE BACKWARD

If your teacher uses that depressing word "Backward" to describe your thirsty search for knowledge, there is no need to despair. Great men have been so described at school. A report on Viscount Montgomery, when he was a boy at St Paul's School, says of the future Victor of Alamein: "Rather backward for his age... To have a serious chance of getting into Sandhurst he must give more time to his work."

Later, Monty gave far too much time to his work for Hitler's bling.

His report is on view at The English at School Exhibition depicted in last week's CN.

Monty's record does not mean that all boys who get indifferent school reports are bound to succeed in after life; but it does give hope to many of us.

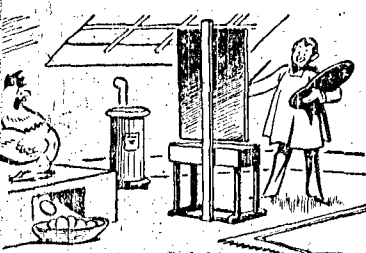
For's Table

"HOUSEWIFE says that English cooking is underrated. Thinks it is hot stuff."

AN agency has been started to do anything for anybody. But not to do anybody.

SOME people do not like tap dancing. Think it should be turned off.

IN pruning roses, says a gardening expert, look over the bushes carefully. And see what is on the other side.



Artist is noted for painting birds. Says he can always get hens to sit.

THINGS SAID

THE modern Army would be no use at all without the women behind it.

Princess Elizabeth

I FEEL that there are many girls of my age who would find a full and happy life in a career of nursing.

Princess Margaret

I HOPE that, after the war... the Russians everywhere would be received as brothers in the human family. That still remains our aim and ideal.

Winston Churchill

IT is a mistake to think that the days of competitive examinations have passed.

K. Lindsay, M P

IN education, as in other walks of life, the pot-hunters are not always the best representatives of their profession.

The Minister of Education

As a class, inventors are among the worst paid of able people.

Viscount Maugham

Flowers on Show

NOW that April showers are bringing forth sweet May flowers plans are going ahead to enable people to get real enjoyment from Nature's spring pageant.

Parks are already gay with daffodils, and tulips will follow, for many Town Councils have spent much money on bulbs this year. Hastings has thought of a very charming idea. A border of special scented flowers is to be planted in Lennox Gardens so that blind people can also enjoy the spring flowers.

Primarily for the benefit of Londoners, some of the oldest and most beautiful gardens in the Home Counties are to be opened to the public again this year. This scheme helps city people during their week-ends to see real beauty, and to start the new week refreshed.

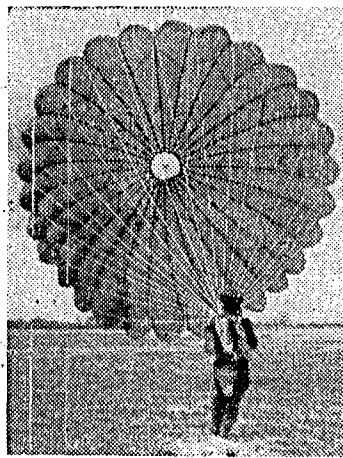
The proceeds from the entrance fees to the gardens will be devoted mainly to the Queen's Institute which provides for retired district nurses. The National Trust and Royal Horticultural Society will also receive some of the profits to help in their work of preserving gardens of historic and national importance.

WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG

WE suspect that quite a number of CN fathers have been making a sentimental pilgrimage to the Central Library at Islington in London, to meet some old friends.

Daddie has been able to see there, in an exhibition of boys' literature, some of the periodicals he used to read under his desk at school, and recall with a sigh the days when he swapped a Sexton Blake for a Magnet or Gem.

The "penny dreadfuls" of the nineteenth century which are also on show at Islington illustrate the changing tastes of succeeding generations of boys, for those sensational old yarns and pictures are as amusing now as they were dreadful then.



Under Control

A Women's Royal Air Force nurse controls her parachute after a training jump at Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire.

SOCCER AMATEURS AT HAMPDEN PARK

HAMPDEN PARK, Glasgow, headquarters of the world-famous Queen's Park F.C., the only amateur club playing regularly in a professional league, is regarded as Britain's greatest football ground, for it has accommodation for 150,000 spectators.

In this vast arena the crack amateur footballers of Scotland and England will be battling on Saturday for the first time since 1939.

Thirteen international matches have been contested between the English and Scottish amateurs. The Scots lead by seven matches to six, but only once have England won at Hampden Park.

There is an interesting link between the last match, played at Dulwich in 1939, and this Saturday's game at Hampden Park. England then beat Scotland 8-3, and England's captain was J. W. Lewis, captain of Walthamstow Avenue. On Saturday, England's outside-right will be the son of that very fine player—J. L. Lewis, also of Walthamstow Avenue.

Young Artists' Own Show

THERE were 3000 entries for this year's Children's Royal Academy, as the Royal Drawing Society's Exhibition of Children's Drawings and Paintings is often called. The Exhibition is on view at the Guildhall Art Gallery, London, until April 14, and is also to be shown this year at Bedford, Bristol, Bournemouth, Woolwich, Birkenhead, Tottenham, and Leamington.

Of the entries, 162 came from overseas, from the USA, India, Australia, Jamaica, Antigua, Switzerland, Ceylon, and other countries. Of the 3000 artistic efforts, 189 are on view, and eleven of the best have been seen by the Queen.

The Founder's Prize has been won by a 17-year-old boy of Rugby School, D. N. R. Schlee, for his water colour of the bandstand in Hyde Park, London. Another Rugby School boy, D. F. Clayton, aged 18, has won a gold star certificate for his architectural work.

A previous prize-winner, John Constable Reeves, aged 19, has this year won a gold star certificate for his oil paintings, Frost and Mist, and The Waveney Valley. A girl, Lynette Harke of Crewkerne, has won a gold star certificate for her animal drawings and studies.

Airborne Invasion of The Wheatfields

DURING the next few weeks wheat farmers will be looking anxiously at the weather forecasts; for a mild south-west wind blowing continuously for a few days may bring with it deadly invaders which will do many thousands of pounds worth of damage to crops.

This pest, called Black Rust, is a kind of fungus, a distant relative of the mushroom. It lives on wheat, oats, and rye plants and appears as black dots and smudges on the stem. Other kinds of rust are yellow and brown and appear on the leaves.

The rust affects the grain, making it poisonous to cattle and unfit for human consumption, so that a badly infected crop has to be burnt. Some crops in parts of England last year were reduced from sixteen bushels per acre to three bushels.

The rust fungus has one stage of its life history on the barberry bush, and for a long time it was thought that by getting rid of barberry bushes, especially those near wheatfields, the pest could be completely destroyed. A rigorous campaign against the barberry resulted in the amount of rust infection being greatly reduced, but not eliminated entirely.

Biologists Set to Work

In some years there was a high infection, in other years there was none. Biologists set to work to find out the reason for this.

When the rust has germinated on a wheat plant, it is able to spread rapidly by means of dust-like spores called uredospores, which get blown from plant to plant and field to field. So the infection of one wheatfield might start from a uredospore, and not from a barberry plant. But in the first place the spores could only come from other wheat plants which had been planted much earlier than our own wheat—from such places as North Africa and Egypt, where wheat ripens three or four months before ours.

Biologists coated large numbers of glass slides with special gum and then exposed them to the air in many different situations—at the seaside, in towns, on the top of mountains, and from aeroplanes flying at varying heights.

They found that the slides became covered with many interesting particles of dust, pollen, microscopic animals, bacteria, and, what was most important to them, uredospores of rust; and

they were able to show that from April onwards there was a continuous current of spores from Africa and southern Europe to countries in the north. Thus, when warm, damp conditions were combined with a south-west wind, infection would spread rapidly.

Overcoming the Pest

It was shown that last year's rust epidemic in the west of England was caused by warm, damp weather in May and early June which favoured the growth of the spores which had come from Africa. In Canada it was shown that infection was from spores carried on the wind from the Texas wheatfields.

How are farmers to overcome this pest? Once the rust has got a hold in a field there is no cure, but varieties of wheat that mature early can be harvested before the rust has got a hold. A few kinds of wheat are completely immune, a number are partly immune, and new and improved strains of wheat are constantly being produced. But the rust seems to have the power of producing new strains, too, so that some kinds of wheat which were once unaffected by rust are now readily attacked by the new strains.

At our ports the quarantine authorities help to control the pest by seeing that no packing materials contain "rusty" wheat straw. If a species of American rust got into the country it would spread rapidly among English wheat, which would not be immune to the new variety.

LESS GAMBLING

A REVIEW of gambling, called The Turn of the Tide?, states that all forms of gambling, with the possible exception of that on horse racing, showed a decrease in 1948. The total estimated expenditure is £650,000,000 compared with £791,000,000 in 1947.

The Secretary of the Churches' Committee on Gambling, which is responsible for the review, says a decrease has been recorded for the last two years.



THIS ENGLAND

The Cotswold village of Stanton, which is being sold by auction

Flying Doctor Number Seven

THE seventh Flying Doctor in the service of the Australian Inland Mission has recently been appointed. This medical service for the people of Australia's lonely interior was the first of its kind in the world, and will soon be equipped with flying medical specialists of all kinds.

It was in 1906 that John Flynn, the pioneer of the Australian Inland Mission, realised the isolation of farmsteads in the lonely "out-backs." One bushman he heard of was 1200 miles from a doctor when a spearhead accidentally pierced his chest. He had to be slung in a hammock between two horses, and travelled 400 miles in agony. Then he had to wait at the railhead for a train which took five days to travel 700 miles to Adelaide.

Bushland Hospital

In those days lonely mothers often died in childbirth with their babies, and epidemics frequently wiped out the population of sheep stations before help could come. Stories such as these moved John Flynn into action. By 1911 he had a small hospital at Oodnadatta on the edge of the bushland. It was rather ramshackle, but it served a big need. In 1912 he founded the Australian Inland Mission which adopted two-thirds of the whole of Australia as its field of action.

By 1918 the idea of a Flying Ambulance was suggested by a young medical student, Clifford Peel. The idea aroused great interest, and money began to come in. But it was all very well having a flying doctor and an ambulance. How was the doctor to be summoned from lonely farms, with no telephones or telegraphs, in two million square miles of country?

Radio has been the great partner in this Australian medical mission. John Flynn did not rest until the radio inventors had provided a simple transmitter, weighing not more than half a hundredweight and costing not more than £50. In May 1928 the first Flying Doctor took the air in response to a radio call from a lonely farm. That trip and the many hundreds which have been taken during the last 20 years have saved many lives.



THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT THAT A REAL ST GEORGE DID EXIST, BUT WHO HE REALLY WAS IS NOT KNOWN FOR CERTAIN.

FACT OF THE MATTER

Did St George really exist?



THE MOST POPULAR THEORY IS THAT HE WAS BORN IN CAPPADOCIA AND ENTERED THE ARMY OF THE EMPEROR DIOCLETIAN.



HE REBUKED THE EMPEROR FOR HIS PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS AND SUFFERED A MARTYR'S DEATH IN A.D. 303 AT NICOMEDIA IN PALESTINE.



NEAR THE PLACE OF HIS MARTYRDOM WAS THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF THE RESCUE OF ANDROMEDA FROM THE SEA-MONSTER BY PERSEUS, AND THUS THE PAGAN LEGEND BECAME ST GEORGE SLAYING THE DRAGON.

TITANIUM, A METAL WITH A FUTURE

TITANIUM metal, never before available to industry, is now being manufactured on a small scale in the United States. This silver-white metal is light and strong, and highly resistant to corrosion; and when production can be increased, it may displace aluminium, for it is 16 times as strong.

Scientists are now working on titanium alloys to be used for the construction of high-speed planes, machinery that will resist corrosion, and for mechanical parts

in jet engines where heat and pressure are great.

Titanium is the seventh most common metal, and the ninth most common element in the earth's crust; it is more than 100 times as plentiful as copper, zinc, or lead. But most titanium which has been available before has been in powder form. This powder is sometimes used for "sky-writing," and the same kind of white smoke was used to screen our convoys from the enemy during the war. It is also used to make a special kind of paint which lasts much longer than any other finish; prefabs and great airliners are given a coat of this. The whitest of white pigment is produced from titanium and new tennis balls owe their whiteness to it.

Yet titanium is chiefly obtained from a black sand which looks something like coal dust and occurs plentifully in the United States, India, and Norway. It also occurs to a lesser extent near the Cornish village of Manaccan, where it was first examined by the Revd W. Gregor, Vicar of Manaccan, about 150 years ago.

The vicar went for a stroll and came across some sand which looked like gunpowder. Studying it, he came to the conclusion that the grains were composed of the oxides of iron and a new metal. But nobody seemed interested in the discovery until 1797, when a Hungarian scientist named Klaproth found some similar sand and named it "titanic earth."

It was not until 1920, however,

that titanium was produced in large quantities, and then only in foreign countries. Since then Britain has entered the field and the production of this important metal is increasing rapidly to meet the demands of British industries. Up to the present, production has all been in powder form, but now a way has been found of producing it in sponge form and in ingots weighing up to 100 pounds each.

We are likely to see a lot more of titanium in the future.

Woman Scientists' Triumph

A REMARKABLE achievement by a woman scientist is that of Dr. Mildred C. Rebstock, an American. She is the first person to produce artificially a new drug called chloromycetin which formerly had been obtained only from living moulds.

The new drug has shown wonderful results when used against a number of diseases in which penicillin and streptomycin were of no use. These diseases are epidemic typhus, undulant fever, typhoid fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and others. When used on animals chloromycetin was found to be effective against organisms that cause whooping cough, and also against parrot disease.

After Dr Rebstock had shown how to produce the drug artificially other doctors found a way of making it on a large scale.

Language of the Drums

IN our adventure stories of Darkest Africa we have all read of the mysterious beating of native drums which send messages from village to village and from tribe to tribe through the jungle. How many of us, however, wondered how it was done?

In his newly-published book, *Talking Drums of Africa* (Carey Press, 5s), Dr John Carrington, a missionary in the Belgian Congo, explains the native technique of sending messages over long distances across the Dark Continent by drum-beat.

Apparently two drums of different pitch, or one drum which gives out a different note at each end, are used. The two notes can be used to convey many words, for a high proportion of African languages make use of tones as well as consonants and vowels to differentiate words.

High and Low Notes

In this way a word may have exactly the same consonant and vowel sounds as another, but will mean something quite different because of a higher or lower note given to any one of the syllables.

It will readily be seen, then, that each word has a tone-pattern which can be represented by the two notes of the drums. Even with the simple vocabularies of most African languages, however, confusion would arise, so the drummers tend to restrict the messages they send to certain easily-recognised phrases which, in many cases, have become traditional through long usage. Even the most skilful drummers are very limited in the messages they can send. Nor must they be in a hurry, for a message of only a few words will take ten minutes to transmit by the "jungle wireless."

With the arrival of modern means of communication the craft of the talking drums of Africa is now beginning to die out, and a generation of Africans is growing up which is unable to interpret the rhythmic pattern of sounds, beaten out by the drummers.

ROB ROY—Sir Walter Scott's Romantic Story of an Outlaw, Told in Pictures



The Duke, who commanded the soldiers, decided to take the prisoner to a safer place for the night. So Rob Roy was strapped behind another man. Frank was told to go with the party and had to ride beside Rob Roy. As they approached a ford of the river Frank heard Rob whispering to the man to whom he was strapped: "Your father, Ewan, wadna hae carried an auld friend to the shambles, for a' the dukes in Christendom."



There was only room for one horseman at a time to approach the ford and there was some confusion in the dusk. Frank saw Rob Roy's horse enter the ford. There was a splash and Rob dived into the river—Ewan had been persuaded to loosen the strap. Rob dived under the horse next to him and swam on under water. There were cries of alarm. "An hundred guineas for him that secures Rob Roy!" shouted the Duke.



A great hullabaloo of shouting and shooting was made by the troopers. Some of them rode their horses farther into the river, others galloped up and down the banks. Every now and then Rob had to come to the surface for air, and bullets splashed near the spot. Under water, Rob managed to free himself from his plaid which floated away downstream pursued by soldiers who thought it was Rob himself. Then they lost sight of the fugitive.



Frank watched anxiously. He wanted Rob to escape, for the outlaw had shown himself a friend and promised to help to recover his father's money. As darkness came on the Duke gave up the chase and the trumpets sounded the retreat. Then Frank heard a soldier shout, "Where's the English stranger who gave Rob Roy the knife to cut his belt?" A Scottish soldier cried, "Drive three inches of cauld iron into his breakfast!"

Rob Has Escaped, But Now, Can Frank? See Next Week's Instalment

The Children's Newspaper, April 16, 1949

9

Another Complete story of BILL and JILL, the C N twins



The Unwanted Wallet

Told by Frank S. Pepper



"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir! I didn't mean to tread on your toe. I hope I didn't hurt you. Someone in the crowd pushed me."

Bill Watson stammered out an apology.

With his twin sister Jill and his Uncle Dick he had been watching the ceremony of the Changing of the Guard at St James's Palace.

The man to whom Bill had spoken gave him an odd look and a strange, slightly puzzled smile, but did not answer, which struck Bill as being rather rude.

The crowd of spectators was breaking up now that the ceremony was over. Bill, jostled by the throng of people, stared after the man and then discovered that he had become parted from Jill and Uncle Dick.

He found them again outside the gate.

"We thought you'd got lost," said Uncle Dick.

"Rather a queer thing happened," explained Bill. "You see that man over there? The one in the blue overcoat."

"Which one?" asked Jill. "I see lots of men in blue overcoats."

"There. Getting into a taxi," Bill said impatiently. "He—goodness! Look at that other little fellow! I'm sure he just took something out of that gentleman's pocket. Hi! You there! Stop!"

Bill shouted and waved his arms angrily.

"You must be imagining things, old man," said Uncle Dick. "I'm not," insisted Bill. "That sly little man picked the other one's pocket. Then he ran off towards the park when I shouted. They've both gone now. But I'm sure I saw the thief throw something into a litter basket when he heard me yell."

"Nonsense," scoffed Jill. "All right. We'll go and look," Bill insisted stoutly.

He led the way along the street. When he reached the basket he peered inside. There, sure enough, nestling among papers and cartons, was a wallet.

"There seems to be something in what you say, after all," confessed Uncle Dick, taking the wallet. "Let me see."

There was no money or anything of any value in the wallet. It contained the visiting card of someone called Mr Walter Ponsford which bore his address and telephone number. There was also a single sheet of paper which appeared to have been torn from a memorandum pad.

Evidently the thief had been alarmed by Bill's shout before he had time to take everything out of the wallet.

Bill grabbed the sheet of paper and began to read it.

"This is queer," Bill pointed out. "There's quite a lot written here—and it's in two different handwritings! First of all there's a line in ink which says: 'Amos, you may have the day off on Thursday. You need not be back until ten.' Then, in quite a different hand it says: 'Thank you, sir, I shall visit my brother in Clapham. Will you require me to prepare lunch?' Then in the

first hand again it says: 'No I shall lunch at my club and then go to the library. Give me a list of the books we selected.' Then there's a list of the titles of books."

UNCLE DICK took the paper and studied it.

"If the man who owns this wallet was going to the library that explains why he was carrying this piece of paper. We ought to try to return it," he said.

"But why should two people carry on a conversation in writing?" asked Jill. "Aren't they on speaking terms?"

Bill thought again about the behaviour of the man in the crowd. Then he gasped.

"I believe you've got something," he said softly. "Uncle Dick, I'll telephone Mr Ponsford's house and let them know that we've got the wallet. He may be worried."

Bill entered a nearby telephone kiosk but in a few minutes he was back.

"No reply," he said.

"I'm not surprised," Jill said with a superior air. "Today is Thursday. Amos, who is probably a manservant, has the day off. Mr Ponsford is lunching at his club. It says so on that piece of paper."

"Let's go and have an early lunch," suggested Uncle Dick. "Then we can decide what we ought to do about the wallet."

When they had had their meal Bill insisted on telephoning Mr Ponsford's house once more. He hardly expected to get a reply, but this time, to his surprise, someone answered the telephone.

"I'd like to leave a message for Mr Ponsford, please," said Bill.

The voice that answered was somewhat hoarse.

"Ponsford speaking."

"Oh," exclaimed Bill. "Mr Ponsford, do you remember me? We bumped into each other after watching the Changing of the Guard."

"Eh? Oh yes, I remember now. What is it?"

"I've got your wallet, sir. Picked it out of a litter basket. Shall I hand it to the police, or post it back to you—"

"Wallet? I don't want the wallet. Keep it. It's of no value."

"But Mr Ponsford—" gasped Bill in amazement.

He suddenly realised that he was speaking to a dead line. The man had rung off.

WHEN Bill joined Jill and Uncle

Dick there was such a perplexed expression on his face that they both burst out laughing.

"Now what's wrong?" asked Uncle Dick.

"I spoke to someone. He said he was Mr Ponsford. He told me I could keep the wallet."

"Very generous of him," observed Uncle Dick.

"But don't you understand?" insisted Bill. "What is Mr Ponsford doing at his house in Hampstead if he is lunching at his club and spending the afternoon in a library?"

"Perhaps he changed his mind," retorted Jill.

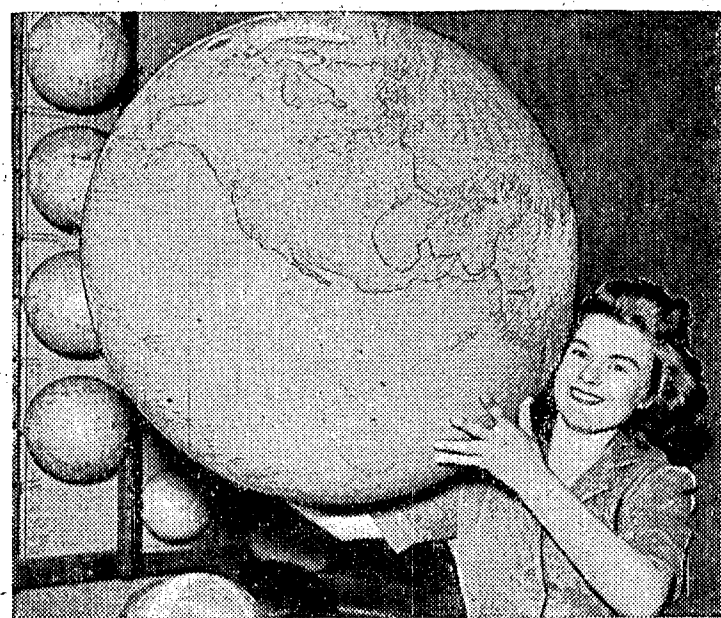
"Uncle Dick, would you mind very much if we went out to Hampstead and returned this wallet?" begged Bill. "I'd like to see this Mr Ponsford."

Uncle Dick looked at him and smiled.

"So would I," he said softly.

They took a taxi to Hampstead. At the corner of the road where Mr Ponsford lived they got out.

"It's number 26," said Bill. "It must be that house with the white—look, Uncle Dick! What's going on?"



Miss Atlas

This young lady with the world on her shoulder is an employee at a map-making firm which exports worlds all over the world.

A LARGE van stood outside No 26. The front door was wide open. Two workmen were carrying out canvas-wrapped objects which looked as if they might be oil paintings.

Bill caught his twin sister's arm.

"Go to the house next door," he begged. "And ask them whether they know if—"

His voice sank to a low whisper. Jill looked amazed.

"It sounds silly," she said. "But all right."

"And if they have a telephone," Uncle Dick put in, "ask them to send for the police."

While Jill was knocking on the door of No 28 Bill and his uncle strolled on, and watched the workmen who were loading the van.

One of the men scowled.

"You want something?" he asked hoarsely.

"I'd like to speak to Mr Ponsford," said Bill. "Is he in the house?"

"He's out."

"Is he moving? Where are you taking these paintings?" Bill went on inquisitively.

"He ain't moving, and we're taking these paintings to an art gallery. Mr Ponsford's own orders. Give me the instructions himself, he did."

Bill uttered a gasp.

"Uncle Dick! This is the man who spoke to me on the telephone!" he declared. "I recognise his voice."

"What are you getting at? Who asked you to interfere?" cried the workman. "It was Mr Ponsford who spoke to you. Just before he went out. About half an hour ago. Something about a wallet, wasn't it?"

Bill caught his breath angrily.

"Uncle Dick, it isn't true. I recognise this man now. He's the one I saw throwing away the wallet. I'll bet he stole Mr Ponsford's front door key, so that he could break into the house and steal these pictures!"

"Here!" cried the workman, and turned angrily to Uncle Dick. "Do I have to stand and take all this from a kid? Cheeky little brat. Why don't you take him home and give him a good tanning?"

THE door of No 28 opened. Jill came out with a young man. There was a smug smile on Jill's face. She caught Bill's eye and nodded. Bill drew his breath in deep relief.

Almost at the same moment a sleek police car slid round the corner and drew up behind the van. Two policemen got out.

"What's the trouble?" asked one.

"It's this kid!" cried the workman. "Trying to make out we're thieves when we had Mr Ponsford's instructions, personal, less than an hour ago, to move this stuff."

"Mr Ponsford wasn't in the house at that time," cried Bill.

"He was and you know it. He spoke to you. I heard him."

The policemen looked at Bill, then at Uncle Dick.

"Uncle Dick, I know I'm right," insisted Bill. "It couldn't possibly have happened the way this man says. Ask the gentleman with Jill. He's a neighbour."

The young man looked grim. He nodded to the police.

"I think these men are up to mischief. I've noticed them hanging round here several times lately. They must have planned this," he said. "The youngster is right, and he's a smart lad. He realised that there was something these two crooks didn't know about Mr Ponsford."

"Are you taking this kid's word against mine?" howled the man.

"You can't be telling the truth," rapped the other. "You can't possibly have heard Mr Ponsford on the telephone or have received his spoken instructions to remove these pictures."

"It's a trick, that's what it is," snarled the workman.

"Oh no," retorted the neighbour sternly. "With the aid of his manservant Amos he is able to manage his affairs perfectly well. But ever since he was blown up by a mine during the war Mr Ponsford has been both deaf and dumb. If he wishes to tell you something he has to write it down. And you have to write your answer."

THE crooks suddenly realised that the game was up, and tried to reach their van. But Uncle Dick and the police were on to them in a flash.

"Well," said Jill when the excitement was all over. "I suppose we can go home now."

"Wait! I almost forgot why we came!" cried Bill, and turned to the neighbour from No 28.

"Mr Ponsford's wallet. Please let him have it back when he comes home."

Another adventure of Bill and Jill will appear in next week's C N.

The C N Picture Competition

Third Week of A-B-Cs!

PRIZES 5 Splendid Bicycles: 5 Cricket Bats or Tennis Rackets: 50 Surprise Prizes

This is the third week of the C N's latest big competition—A-B-Cs illustrated—and below is Set 3 of the pictures. Sets 1 and 2 appeared in our two previous issues, and in next week's C N you will receive the fourth and final set. As before, simply name the object illustrated by each little picture below, remembering that each answer is one word only, and of course starts with the given letter of the alphabet each time. The entry that you finally send in must be your own work, although you may use books and pictures to help you to find the correct answers.

The Five Bicycles (juvenile or full size, as chosen) and the other prizes will be awarded in order of merit for the entries which are correct or most nearly so. Handwriting or printing, as well as age, will be taken into account to decide ties for any of the prizes.

Do not send in your entry yet. Keep your answers to this set carefully, together with your previous answers until next week, when the remaining pictures appear.

The competition will be judged in two classes—those under 11 and 11s and over. Each reader may send one attempt only when the time comes—it must consist of the answers to the four sets of A-B-Cs (or as many as you can find) listed on a single sheet of paper in accordance with the full rules which will be given again next week, together with the sending-in coupon and directions. The closing date will be May 5.

A-B-Cs... Set 3



Final Pictures and Coupon NEXT WEEK



**She's listless, tired, inclined to brood,
She needs a course of Benger's Food**

When your digestion is out of order, practise what is known as Rest-Therapy—rest your digestion for a while and take a course of Benger's Food at night. "Bengers" is rich nourishment, pre-digested. It soon soothes and strengthens the digestion back to normal.

BENGERS
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TOGO FREE

We will send you **ABSOLUTELY FREE** two lovely New Issues from Togo and from Belgium, for you to add to your own collection.

The first stamp (as illustrated here) comes from the tropical French West African colony of **TOGO** and shows natives pounding meal in an enormous bowl. The other Free stamp has just been issued by **BELGIUM** for the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, and shows an Antarctic Explorer.

Both fine new stamps will be sent to you **Absolutely Free**, together with our Windsor Approvals. No obligation to purchase from Approvals. You must, however, send 3d. stamps for our postage to you of our Approvals and this marvellous free gift. Send NOW.

WINDSOR STAMP CO. (Dept. C N), Uckfield, Sussex

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CAPITAL POSTERS

Underground Art Gallery

IN 1908 Londoners were amused by a poster in which a jolly Edwardian "Bobby" pointed to a map of the Underground Railway to indicate that there was no need to ask a policeman.

Painted by John Hassall, it was the first of a long series of posters with which London Transport (and its predecessors) have set new standards in advertising during the last forty years.

At the "Art For All" exhibition now open at the Victoria and Albert Museum we can all see for the first time a representative collection of the original paintings for these familiar posters. The names of the artists show how widely the net has been cast in the quest for attractive pictures.

Good Reproductions

Academic painters rub shoulders with experimentalists, and it is worth noting that some of the most "advanced" productions of their day now look more than a little old-fashioned.

Most of the original pictures are exhibited with the posters reproduced from them—a contrast which shows how faithfully, on the whole, the printers have done their work—enlarging here, reducing there, actually improving in a few cases. Only in one or two instances does the poster do less than justice to the original.

Three famous artists, Sir Frank Brangwyn, Spencer Pryse, and Barnett Freedman, provide examples of posters, lithographed by themselves. Edward Bawden is represented by line cuts, and Robert Gibbings cut the wood blocks from which his poster was printed. There is one of McDonald Gill's fascinating picture-maps; posters by Epstein and Mabel Lucie Attwell, Laura Knight and Graham Sutherland; humour and still-life, realism and "abstraction."

Younger visitors to the exhibition will be able to compare the work of recent years with the old favourites which, in days before paper restrictions, had a brisk sale to the public.

London Transport may well be proud of its liberal encouragement of this popular form of art. The quality of these famous posters has made a valuable contribution to the prestige of a great transport service, and Londoners are grateful for a policy which insists that nothing but the best is good enough for the citizens of no mean city.

The exhibition is open until June 30.

FUEL READY TO HAND

Not long ago CN described the potential mineral wealth of Tanganyika, the vast wild land of East Africa where the groundnut scheme is in full swing. Now comes news of the rapid development of one of this country's minerals. The first train to use Tanganyika coal has run over a difficult stretch of the railway.

Tanganyika's coal was only discovered in 1946, and this test shows that it is as good as the imported coal on which the Territory's trains have had to run until now.

Radio-Active Tomatoes

THE search for "tracer" elements for use with plant and animal goes on uninteruptedly from day to day. Among the latest is radio-active zinc, which Mr Perry R. Stout, of the University of California fed to tomato plants in an experiment to find out where the zinc went. After the plants had come to maturity, he took some of the tomatoes, cut them in halves, and laid the halves on the plain side of ordinary photographic paper which he kept in the dark. After due "exposure" he developed the paper and found that the cut tomatoes had left their photographic image on the paper, owing to the rays emitted by the radio-active zinc present in the tomatoes.

He found that the zinc was more or less concentrated in the seeds, but that it was also present all over the tomatoes because they left their entire impress on the paper.

Ordinarily, Geiger counters are used to measure and certify the presence of radio-active materials, but this method has certain very definite advantages in the case of plants which can be closely pressed to the photographic paper and record their image.

Flying Cruise

THE first luxury cruise by flying boat has just been announced. It will begin in June, a fourteen days' cruise to and around the Mediterranean covering 5600 miles at a cost of about £18 a day. There will be overnight stops at Monte Carlo, Venice, Rome, Cyprus, Malta, and Bordeaux.

OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS

Continued from page 5

at Warsaw. While in Poland he visited the High Tatra Mountains, where the men wear tight felt trousers with big pompons at the knees, embroidered black jackets, and little, flat bowler hats decorated with cowrie shells. He obtained the first recordings ever made on the spot of their special kind of music.

More recently he did "Progress Report" on Britain's recovery—visiting Yorkshire textile mills, Northamptonshire steel works—and his very moving "Children of Europe." In this he and Marjorie Banks made a 6000-mile journey and brought to the microphone children of Italy, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Estonia, and Greece. All of these little ones were without proper food or clothes, and many of them also without parents; and some without legs or eyes.

THAT is the life of a BBC Commentator. He usually gains that position through working first of all in some other capacity for the Corporation. Foreign languages are useful—Ward speaks French, German, Spanish, and Chinese—and so, apparently, is the ability to make other people talk.

And remember that there is a lot of work to be done before ever the recording gear starts up. And when home is reached only the best recordings go on to the discs which will be used. There is much cutting and selection to be done.

Ward was already planning his next trip when I said goodbye. But that is his secret.

The Children's Newspaper, April 16, 1949.

BOYS! ELECTRIC MOTOR OUTFIT 2/11

6,000 Revs. Per Min. Post 3d. Works from Torch Battery

This outfit comprises ALL necessary parts and base ready for simple assembly by any boy to make this working Electric Motor exactly as illustrated. Apart from its novelty, this has very considerable technical and constructive value. More can be learnt from it regarding Electric Motors than by reading volumes. A most instructive and entertaining toy for boys—complete with diagrams and easy instructions. Send P.O. 3/2. Direct only from:

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4½ ins. long, range 2½ octaves, tested. Made in almost unbreakable plastic. **VERY ATTRACTIVE COLOURS**

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The Children's Newspaper, April 16, 1949

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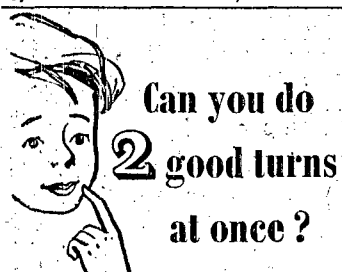
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HAZEX SIGNALLING DEPT.
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Mother sometimes gives you an odd copper when you do a job for her and this is how you can turn one good turn into two and help the N.S.P.C.C. to help unhappy children. Save up these coppers and, when you've collected 2/6, send it in with the form below, which you should cut out and fill in. This will make you a member of the League of Pity, the Children's Branch of the N.S.P.C.C. The League will then send you a Blue Bird Badge to keep and wear and, on loan, a Blue Egg in which to put your League savings. You can be sure that every penny you earn or collect will help the N.S.P.C.C. to make some poor, ill-treated boy or girl happy. That's a worthwhile target, isn't it?



—SEND THIS COUPON NOW—

TO THE LEAGUE OF PITY, VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2

Please enrol me as a Member. I enclose P.O. for 2/6.

NAME

ADDRESS

PLEASE USE BLOCK CAPITALS

Officers of the Church

THROUGH the Easter vestries, the churches will soon be electing their churchwardens and sidesmen for the ensuing 12 months. These officials are the modern representatives of two classes of church officers once very separate and distinct.

Sidesmen were originally synodsmen or questmen, a kind of ecclesiastical police, who in ancient times, upon the summons of the bishop, attended the synod of a diocese and gave information concerning the orderly conduct—or otherwise—of the clergy and parishioners.

The other type of lay officers were entrusted with the duty of guarding and preserving the fabric and goods of the church, and thus acquired the name of quadiant or custodes ecclesiae (church-reeves or wardens). They first appeared in church history under the titles of Seniores Ecclesiastici, and are frequently mentioned by St Augustine.

For many years after the Reformation, these offices involved some arduous and responsible duties. For instance, a Church decree of 1603 put forward as the primary duty of churchwardens and sidesmen that they shall diligently see that all parishioners duly resort to their Church upon all Sundays and Holy Days and there continue the whole time of Divine Service!

This Canon law, like many others, is still unrepealed, although, of course, there is no attempt to put it into force.

HAPPY RETURNS

CHOCOLATE that had been exported to the United States from England was sent back for US airmen stationed in Norfolk. The airmen gave it to children at Fakenham.

BEDTIME CORNER



Land of Easter Eggs

WHEN Grandpa comes to visit us, we climb up on his legs, and clamour to be told about the land of Easter Eggs. Where chocolate eggs in silver paper lie about the sands. And little fluffy yellow chicks will nestle in your hands. All nests are made of chocolate twigs, and built in toffee trees. Some birds are made of marzipan, and call out, "Eat us, please." Big Sugar Swans draw little carts, piled high with pretty things, coloured eggs, and downy ducklings, birds with golden wings. And Grandpa says these splendid birds have lovely cream-filled legs. Oh, how we all would love to go to that land of Easter Eggs!

Who Are They?

Below are the clues that should give you the name of some people you know. Can you guess who they are?

SHE was frightened by a spider.
He fell off a wall.
She had to leave the ball before midnight.
They fell down the hill.
He sat in a corner.

Little Miss Muffet; Humpty Dumpty; Cinderella; Jack and Jill; Little Jack Bower.

BIRDS ON THE BROADS

Two Norfolk Broads are to become permanent nature reserves. They are Ranworth Broad and Cockshoot Broad which have been presented to the Norfolk Naturalists' Trust by Lieut-Colonel H. J. Cator. They consist of 131 acres of water and nearly 369 acres of land.

The Ranworth Marshes have long been a home of wild duck, and the swallowtail butterfly is also to be found there. The public will be allowed to go to Ranworth Inner Broad for studying bird life, or for fishing, between February 2 and September 1—only rowing boats being permitted. At other times the broad will be closed.

The Cockshoot Broad is to be kept strictly as a bird and wild fowl sanctuary. Visitors who wish to carry out nature study must go in conducted parties, in order not to disturb the wild life.

Burns and Nephew

DR THOMAS BURNS, nephew of the poet Robert Burns, was a leader of the pioneers in Otago, in the south island of New Zealand. A tall column to his memory was put up in 1892 but was demolished some time ago because it was in danger of collapse. It stood facing a memorial to his famous uncle.

Now it is proposed to set up another memorial to Dr Burns in the form of a bronze statue, and a corner of the grounds of the First Church, Dunedin, will be leased in perpetuity to the City Corporation for this purpose. Dr Burns was the first minister of this Church.

The figure will be sculptured in New Zealand, and the cast sent to Britain to be completed in bronze.



MARS HAS EVERYTHING!

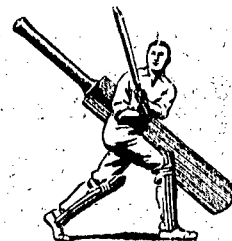
- Thick coating of milky chocolate
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DO NOT MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY!



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Send P.O. or cheque, stating size required, plus 2/- postage and packing, for the sports bargain of the year.

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THE BRAN TUB

SUPERMAN?

SAMMY SIMPLE stood gazing at the huge anchor which hung over the side of the ocean liner. He was still staring when his friend passed for the second time in half an hour.

"What are you waiting for, Sammy?" he asked.
"I'm waiting to see the man that uses that pickaxe," he replied.

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

Jack-by-the-Hedge

IN early spring, under the shady hedgerows where the soil is damp, Garlic Mustard, or Jack-by-the-Hedge, flourishes.



The four tiny snow-white petals form a Maltese cross, and the flowers grow in clusters. More conspicuous are the bright green, crinkly, heart-shaped leaves. The plant usually grows about 18 inches high, but in favourable conditions will reach three feet; the strong smell of garlic prevents it from being eaten by browsing cattle.

Good Advice

DOUGLAS JERROLD, the 19th-century wit and playwright, was once confided in by a young man who had a great desire to see his name in print.

"Be advised by me, young man," replied Jerrold. "Don't take down the shutters before there is something in the windows."

A TEST OF SHARPNESS

SEE how quickly you can piece together the following groups of letters to make up six Christian names of boys and girls:

RICE	GUS	BERT
HA	IAN	BEAT
RICK	AN	PAT
LES	LIL	CHAR

Answer next week

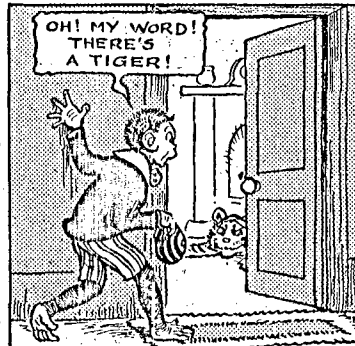
And So On

JANE was indignant. "Mary told me that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her," she said.

"She's the limit," replied Agnes. "I told her not to tell you I told her."

"Well, don't tell her I told you she told me."

Jacko's False Alarm



What a fright for Jacko when he saw a tiger "snarling" at him!



The Bobbie, too, turned pale at Jacko's vivid description.



And Jacko's colour matched his description when the truth was found.

Unusual Gardening

FROM the tops of carrots, turnips, parsnips, and beetroot you can get some very interesting plants.

Place the tops of the vegetables, each with a little of the root attached, in a dish of water, first removing all dead leaves. Keep the dish near a window.

After a week or two your dish of vegetable tops should have blossomed into a beautiful array, the carrot leaves looking like dainty ferns, the turnip and parsnip shoots being a delicate green, and the beetroot a bright pink.

MISTAKEN

A JAUNTY young man named Fox,

Quite wrongly believed he could box.

Till a new boy named Blake, Said "You've made a mistake," And proved it by giving Fox sox.

Roddy



"Don't look round now, Mummie, but I think he's dropped a stitch!"

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

MR PIKE Believes in Camouflage. Near the reed-fringed margin of the Long Pond Don saw a huge fish. By its ugly, jutting lower jaw he guessed it to be a Pike. Suddenly the fish vanished.

"I didn't take my eyes off it, but it seemed to disappear," Don told Farmer Gray.

"Pike are well camouflaged," chuckled the farmer. "When young, they are streaked with yellow and green bars. During this period they haunt patches of reeds and rushes, and are very difficult to detect. This fact causes many a fish to meet his doom in Mr Pike's formidable jaws. As Pike grow older the bars break up into spots."

Sudden Stop

POOR Bill fell from the scaffolding.

His mates all gathered round: "Did the fall hurt?" they asked. Said Bill,

"What hurt me was the ground."

Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, April 13, to Tuesday, April 19.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 Walt Disney Feature. 5.30 Book Review. North, 5.30 Books Worth Reading. Welsh, 5.0 Scott of the Antarctic—a discussion; Harmonica House—an interview with employees of a mouth-organ factory.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Mistress Masham's Repose (Part 1). 5.40 Ceremony of the Washing of the Feet. North, 5.0 Bunkle and Belinda (2). Scottish, 5.0 A Robert Rabbit story; Dee Don and the Dominie. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh. 5.30 The Leaf Which Never Died—a story; Maundy Money—a talk about Royal charities.

FRIDAY, 5.0 Seven Days—a Passion play. North, 5.0 Competition Winners; Subject and Object—a guessing game.

SATURDAY, 5.0 Walks in the West Country. N. Ireland, 5.0 The Great Sweetie Age—a talk; Law and Order—a story; Grandmother and her Bushfolk—a talk; A Competition; Songs; Violin. Scottish, 5.0 Cats and Dogs—songs and stories; Films and Film-making—Cartoons.

SUNDAY, 5.0 Mr Portly Tells a Story. 5.15 Easter Carols, Hymns, and Stories. North, 5.0 The Week's Programmes; At Home in My Own Country—verse and music.

MONDAY, 5.0 Sing-Song; The Totos; Belle Vue Zoo Artists. Scottish, 5.0 Donald and the Gang (2).

TUESDAY, 5.0 Lucy Brown and Mr Grimes; Nursery Rhymes. 5.25 Cowleaze Farm. Midland, 5.0 Musical Journey. N. Ireland, 5.0 Aunt Martha's Chair (2). North, 5.0 Film News; Wandering With Nomad. Scottish, 5.0 Tammy Troot's Easter Egg; Down at the Mains. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

The Children's Newspaper, April 16, 1949

Hidden Bible Characters

In the following verse the names of eight well-known characters in the Old Testament are hidden.

With Monica in London Town I had a most delightful week.

I relish always ancient things; To me the grey stones seemed to speak.

A Belgian girl we met one day A habit quaint she had of slow Deliberate speech. Quite truthfully,

I grieved when it was time to go.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Good and Bad. 55

Find The Missing Word
Cricket

L	I	M	E	C	A	P	E
A	A	L	L	P	L		
K	I	T	E	R	E	A	R
E	E	C	H	O	I	E	
A	R	T	I	S	A	N	
A	T	E	D	E	N	S	
T	O	L	D	A	N	E	
O	N	E	A	T	E	R	
M	E	A	T	E	X	I	T

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A watch on board ship, strictly speaking, is four hours. The dog-watch is the short watch of two hours, from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. or from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. It was introduced to dodge the routine and "dog" is in this case a corruption of dodge.

Your dog has been "on watch" for more Spratt's Biscuits. Now brighter days are coming for him, because although the Spratt's foods he loves are still not as plentiful as we all would wish, more can now be made, so that it's really worth while asking at the shop for the good dog foods—SPRATT'S MIXED OVALS, BONIO, DOG CAKES and WEETMEET.

I always keep a lookout for SPRATT'S

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